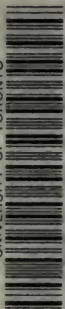


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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ASTORALS,
EPISTLES, ODES,
AND OTHER
ORIGINAL POEMS,

With TRANSLATIONS from

ANDAR, ANACREON, and SAPPHO.

By AMBROSE PHILIPS Esq;

— *hic Cæstus Artemque repono.* Virgil.

L O N D O N: 17.5677.
Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAAPER. 16.11.22

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P2

1748



TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS

DUKE of *Newcastle.*

MY LORD,



HE Honours of your
antient and illustri-
ous Family, which
that noble Writer

ALGERNON SIDNEY places

A 2

among

DEDICATION.

among the first in these Kingdoms for Prerogative of Birth, the Titles which You have long worn with distinguished Lustre, and the high Station which You have many Years filled, and now fill, in the Government, give Your GRACE a just Preheminence in the Community; but they are Excellences of a more exalted Kind to which this Tribute of my Respect is paid. Your early Zeal in the Cause of Liberty, which
manifested

DEDICATION.

manifested itself at the Close of a late Reign, when the worst of Schemes were promoted against this Nation by the worst of Men, the Association (of which I had the Honour to be an humble Member) into which You then entered, with some others eminent for their Birth, Fortune, and Knowledge, for securing the Succession of the House of HANOVER to the Throne of these Kingdoms, your Taste of useful
and

DEDICATION.

and polite Literature, and the Encouragement which You have been always ready to give to it, your friendly Regard to, and Connection with, that University which has been the Nurse of the greatest Statesmen, Heroes, Philosophers, and Poets, of *English* Growth, and the open Liberality of your Heart on all laudable Occasions, must give You a Place in the Affections of all *Englishmen* who know the Interest of
their

DEDICATION.

their native Country: and to those Virtues, more than to the private Friendship with which your GRACE has long honoured me, I make this Offering of the few poetical Pieces which were the Produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant, Hours: your GRACE will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before from those which now make their first Appearance: and I number among the Felicities

DEDICATION.

cities of my Days this Opportunity of approaching You with something perhaps not unworthy your Acceptance; and I have the Honour to be,

My Lord,

Your GRACE'S

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble Servant

April, 1748.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

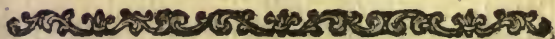


P A S T O R A L

P O E M S.

Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

VIRG. Ecl. 6.



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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILL.



*To Miss CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,
in her Mother's Arms.*

May 1, 1724.



TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,

Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tatling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,

To



To Miss MARGARET PULTENEY,
*Daughter of DANIEL PULTE-
 NEY Esq; in the Nursery.*

April 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All caressing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to nature owing, 4
 This and that new thing admiring,
 Much of this and that enquiring,
 Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day some vertue gaining, 8
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,
 (Fescu'd now, perhaps, in spelling.)
 On thy riper beauties dwelling, 12
 Shall accuse each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming, creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing,
 Tender, and averse to killing. 16
 To

To the Mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in *May*,
 Flitting to each bloomy spray,
 Wearied then, and glad of rest,
 Like the linlet in the nest.

This thy present happy lot,
 This, in time, will be forgot:
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares ;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.





To the Right Honourable

ROBERT WALPOLE *Esq;*

June 15, 1724.



OTARY to publick zeal,
Minister of *England's* weal,
Have you leisure for a song,

Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure,
Tell me, *Walpole*, have you leisure?
Nothing lofty will I sing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, sung with ease,
Simply elegant to please.

Fairy virgin, *British* muse,
Some unhear'd of story chuse:
Chuse the Glory of the swain,
Gifted with a magick strain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verse, the mind:

To

To him came a man of power,
 To him, in a cheerless hour;
 When the swain, by Druids taught,
 Soon divin'd his irksom thought, 20
 Soon the maple harp he strung,
 Soon, with silver accent, sung.

“ Steerer of a mighty realm,
 “ Pilot, waking o’er the helm, 24
 “ Blessing of thy native soil,
 “ Weary of a thankless toil,
 “ Cast repining thought behind,
 “ Give thy trouble to the wind. 28
 “ Mortal, destin’d to excell,
 “ Bear the blame of doing well,
 “ Like the Worthies great of old,
 “ In the list of Fame enroll’d. 32
 “ What, though titles thou decline?
 “ Still the more thy virtues shine.
 “ Envy, with her serpent eye,
 “ Marks each praise that soars on high. 36
 “ To thy lot resign thy will :
 “ Every good is mix’d with ill,

- " See, the white unblemish'd rose
 " On a thorny bramble blows : 46
 " See, the torrent pouring rain
 " Does the limpid fountain stain :
 " See, the giver of the day
 " Urgeth on, through clouds, his way : 44
 " Nothing is, entirely, blest'd ;
 " Envy does thy worth attest.

- " Pleasing visions, at command,
 " Answer to my voice and hand ; 48
 " Quick, the blissful scene prepare,
 " Sooth the patriot's heavy care :
 " Visions, cheering to the fight,
 " Give him earnest of delight. 52

- " Wise disposer of affairs,
 " View the end of all thy cares !
 " Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,
 " See the glad'ning harvest rise : 56
 " Lo, the people reap thy pain !
 " Thine the labour, their the gain.
 " Yonder turn, a-while, thy view,
 " Turn thee to yon spreading yew, 60

" Once

- " Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 " Once the plighted virgin's hate:
 " Now, no longer, does it grow
 " Parent of the warring bow: 64
 " See, beneath the guiltless shade,
 " Peasants shape the plow and spade,
 " Rescued, ever, from the fear
 " Of the whistling shaft and spear. 68
 " Lo, where Plenty comes, with Peace!
 " Hear the breath of murmur cease:
 " See, at last, unclouded days;
 " Hear, at last, unenvied praise. 72
 " Nothing shall thy soul molest;
 " Labour is the price of rest.
 " Mortal, destin'd to excell,
 " Bless the toil of doing well! 76





SUPPLICATION *for Miss CARTERET*
in the Small-Pox.

Dublin July 31, 1725.

POW'R o'er ev'ry pow'r supreme,
Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-seat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh, preserve this innocence,
Yet unconscious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to nature owing.

Thou, who giv'st angelick grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell disease not blight
What thou mad'st for man's delight:

O'er

O'er her features let it pass
 Like the breez o'er springing grafs, 16
 Gentle as refreshing showers
 Sprinkled over opening flowers.
 O, let years alone diminish
 Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish. 20

To the pious parents give
 That the darling fair may live :
 Turn to blessings all their care,
 Save their fondness from despair. 24
 Mitigate the lurking pains
 Lodg'd within her tender veins ;
 Soften every throb of anguish,
 Suffer not her strength to languish ; 28
 Take her to thy careful keeping,
 And prevent the mother's weeping.





To Miss GEORGIANA, *youngest Daughter*
to Lord CARTERET.

August 10, 1725.



LITTLE charm of placid mien,
 Miniature of beauty's queen,
 Numbering years, a scanty nine,
 Stealing hearts without design,
 Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
 Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
 Yet a novice in disdain,
 Pleasure giving without pain,
 Still caressing, still caress'd,
 Thou, and all thy lovers bless'd,
 Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
 O for ever pleas'd and pleasing!
 Hither, *British* muse of mine,
 Hither all the *Grecian* nine,
 With the lovely graces three,
 And your promis'd nursing see:

4

8

12

16

Figure

Figure on her waxen mind
 Images of life refin'd;
 Make it, as a garden gay,
 Every bud of thought display, 20
 Till, improving year by year,
 The whole culture shall appear,
 Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
 All to human sense surprising. 24
 Is the filken web so thin
 As the texture of her skin?
 Can the lilly and the rose
 Such unfully'd hue disclose? 28
 Are the violets so blue
 As her veins expos'd to view?
 Do the stars, in wintry sky,
 Twinkle brighter than her eye? 32
 Has the morning lark a throat
 Sounding sweeter than her note?
 Whoe'er knew the like before thee?
 They who knew the nymph that bore thee. 36

From thy pastime and thy toys,
 From thy harmless cares and joys,

Give me now a moment's time :
 When thou shalt attain thy prime,
 And thy bosom feel desire,
 Love the likeness of thy fire,
 One ordain'd, thro' life, to prove
 Still thy glory, still thy love. 44
 Like thy sister, and like thee,
 Let thy nurtur'd daughters be :
 Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
 Trace the pattern set before thee. 48
 Where the *Liffy* meets the main,
 Has thy sister hear'd my strain :
 From the *Liffy* to the *Thames*,
 Minstrel echoes sing their names, 52
 Wafting to the willing ear
 Many a cadence sweet to hear,
 Smooth as gently breathing gales
 O'er the ocean and the vales, 56
 While the vessel calmly glides
 O'er the level glassy tides,
 While the summer flowers are springing,
 And the new fledg'd birds are singing. 60





EPIGRAMS *and* short POEMS.

*On a Company of bad Dancers to good
Musick.*

HOW ill the motion with the musick suits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

E P I G R A M.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a
blow :

Ah, quoth the *Pretender*, would I could do so!

*In ANSWER to the QUESTION,
What is THOUGHT?*

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven; or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

To Mr. ADDISON on CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
 And the true poet is a publick good :
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd. 4
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd her senate and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just success to *Cato's* sword, 8
 O'er *Cæsar's* arms your genius had prevail'd,
 And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

*On WIT and WISDOM.**A FRAGMENT.*

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly:
 Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste, and vigour of our youthful ptime : 4
 But when reflexion comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
 And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life. 8

The



The following EPITAPH on the Monument of my Kinswoman was written at the Request of her Husband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of *PENELOPE*, youngest Daughter (and Coheir with her Sister *ELIZABETH*) to *ROBERT PHILIPS* of *Newton-Regis*, in the County of *Warwick*, Esquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of *January*.

M DCC XXVI.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION

(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)

Recall to every surviving witness,

And, for ensample, record to posterity, 4

Her endowments,

Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,

Or to the assiduous lessons of education,

Or to the silent admonitions of reflection. 8

To

To her parents, husband, children,
 In no care, no duty, no affection,
 Was she wanting,
 Receiving, deserving, winning, 12
 From them respectively,
 Equal endearments.
 Of countenance and of disposition,
 Open, chearful, modest; 16
 Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
 Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
 In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
 Prone to offices of kindness and good will; 20
 To enmity a stranger;
 Forward, earnest, impatient,
 To succour the distress'd,
 To comfort the afflicted; 24
 Solicitous for the poor,
 And rich in store of alms:
 Whereby she became
 The delight, the love, the blessing, of all. 28

In her household flourished
 Chearfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
 In the closet retired,

In the temple publick,
 Morning and evening did she worship;
 By instruction, by example,
 Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness:
 So prevalent her love to them 36
 Visited with that sore disease,
 Which too often kills or blites
 The mother's fondest hopes,
 That (regardless of self-preservation) 40
 In piously watching over their lives
 She, catching the infection, lost her own,
 Triumphant, through resignation,
 Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony, 44
 And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)
 Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

TO the MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his
 most affectionate, most beloved, and most deserving, Wife,
 is this Monument raised by *HENRY VERNON* of
Hilton, in the County of *Stafford*, Esquire: to him she
 bore five Sons and two daughters, all surviving, save *Eli-*
zabeth; who dying, in her second Year, of the Small Pox,
 some few Days before, resteth by her Mother.



T H E
F A B L E of T H U L E,
U N F I N I S H E D.

HA R northward as the *Dane* extends his sway,
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
Disdainful *Thule's* wintry island lies. 4

Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
And every youth, who lingers in despair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair. 8

In *Cyprus*, sacred to the queen of love,
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was *Thule* born, uncertain how : 'tis said
Once *Venus* won *Adonis* to her bed, 12
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground, 16
Some

Some ripened fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
 And some fetch water from the running spring;
 While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
 Their infant charge, and tune her tender ear.
 Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,
 And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
 The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
 And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep.

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
 No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.
 In every forming feature might be seen
 Some bright resemblance of the *Cyprian* queen:
 Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
 In all her early passion for the chase:
 And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
 The birds upon the bending branches hung,
 While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
 And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:
 So sweet her voice resounded through the wood,
 They thought the nymph some *Siren* from the flood.

Half human thus by lineage, half divine;
 In forests did the lonely beauty shine,

Like

Like wood-land flowers, which paint the desert glades,
And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades. 40

No human face she saw, and rarely seen

By human face : a solitary queen

She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.

No horn the silent huntress bears ; no hound, 44

With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chace,

Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace ;

And, bend when-e'er she will her ebon bow,

A speedy death arrests the flying foe. 48

The bow the hunting goddess first supply'd,

And ivory quiver crosses her shoulders ty'd.

The imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,

Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, 52

At once admires, and dreads, her growing charms,

And sees the god already in her arms :

In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves

His broken vows, and his clandestine loves : 56

Jove still continues frail : and all in vain

Does *Thule* in obscurest shades remain,

While *Maja's* son, the thunderer's winged spy,

Informs him where the lurking beauties ly. 60

What

What sure expedient then shall *Juno* find,
To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind ?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove ;
And *Thule* ripens every day for love. 64

She mounts her car, and shakes the filken reins ;
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
And smooth their glossy necks against the sun :
The wheels along the level *Azure* run. 68
Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep 72
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain :
And here the panting birds repose a-while ;
Not so their queen ; she gains the *Cyprian* isle, 76
By speedy *Zephyrs* borne in thickned air :
Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair,

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun
Shot purple rays : now *Thule* had begun 80

Her

Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
 Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,
 Now over-takes her in the full career,
 And flings a javelin at the flying deer. 84
 Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes ;
 When *Juno*, (now *Diana* in disguise,)
 Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind ;
 My second visit, like my first, is kind. 88
 Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
 Did not I give?-----Here sudden blushes glow
 On *Tbule's* cheeks : her busy eyes survey
 The dress, the crescent, and her doubts give way. 92

I own thee, goddess bright, the nymph replies,
 Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours prize :
 Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
 Fresh in my mind thine image still remains. 96

Then *Juno*, beauteous ranger of the grove,
 My darling care, fair object of my love,
 Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
 To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years. 100



TRANSLATIONS.

THE

First Olympionique of *PINDAR*.

To Hiero of Syracuse, victorious in the
Horse-race.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in musick. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station; and, lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

STROPHE I. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields;
 And gold, like blazing fire by night,
 Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
 The mind aloft, is eminently bright. But

But if, my soul, with fond desire
 To sing of games thou dost aspire,
 As thou by day can'st not descry,
 Through all the liquid waste of sky,
 One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,
 And cherish every thing below,
 So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
 In song, does like the *Olympian* shine :
 Hence do the mighty poets raise
 A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
 The son of *Saturn* to resound,
 When far, from every land, they come
 To visit *Hiero's* regal dome,
 Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found :

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 18.

Lord of *Sicilia's* fleecy plains,
 He governs, righteous in his power,
 And, all excelling while he reigns,
 From every lovely virtue crops the flower :
 In musick, blossom of delight,
 Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
 As we are wont, when friends design
 To feast and wanton o'er their wine :

But

But from the wall the *Dorian* harp take down,
 If *Pisa*, city of renown,
 And if the fleet victorious steed,
 The boast of his unrival'd breed, 30
 Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
 And warm thy breast with sacred fire,
 When late, on *Alpheus'* crowded shore,
 Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
 The warning of the spur disdain'd, 35
 And swift to victory his master bore,

E P O D E. I. Measures 16.

The lov'd *Syracusan*, the prince of the course,
 The king, who delights in the speed of the horse:
 Great his glory, great his fame,
 Throughout the land where *Lydian Pelops* came 40
 To plant his men, a chosen race,
 A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom *Neptune*, ruler of the main,
 Was known to love, when into life again,
 From the reviving cauldron warm, 45
Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
 And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made:
 But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,

When

When fabled tales, invented to surprize,
 In miracles mighty, have power to charm, 50
 Where fictions, happily combin'd,
 Deceive and captivate the mind :

STROPHE II. Measures 18.

Thus Poësy, harmonious spell,
 The source of pleasures ever new,
 With dignity does wonders tell ; 55
 And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
 Day, after day, brings truth to light,
 Unveil'd, and manifest to sight :
 But, of the bless'd, those lips, which name
 Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame. 60
 Thee, son of *Tantalus*, my faithful song
 Shall vindicate from every wrong,
 The glories of thy house restore,
 And baffle falsehoods told before ;
 Now, in his turn, thy fire prepar'd 65
 A banquet ; when the gods appear'd
 At *Sipylus*, his sweet abode,
 To grace the due proportion'd feast :
 There, first, the trident-bearing guest
 Beheld thy lovely form ; and now, he glow'd ; 70

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,
 Thee in his golden car he bore
 Swift to the lofty towers of *Jove*,
 Whose name the nations all around adore :
 Thus *Ganymede* was caught on high, 75
 To serve the power who rules the sky.
 When thou no longer did'st appear,
 And those, who sought a pledge so dear,
 Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
 Some envious Neighbour, to defame 80
 Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
 The rumour through the country fled,
 That thou, to heighten the repast,
 Wast into seething water cast,
 Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire, 85
 Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,
 Thy sodden flesh in messes serv'd,
 To gorge the gods and a voracious fire :

EPODE II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
 Vile Gluttons to call the partakers of bliss : 90

G

Let

Let me then refrain, and dread :
 A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.
 If they, who supervise and ward
 The heavens, did ever shew regard
 To mortal man this *Tantalus* might boast, 95
 Of mortal men that he was honour'd most :
 But he not able to digest
 The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,
 One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys :
 For over him the godhead hung, in air, 100
 A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care !
 From his head to remove it, with terrour oppress'd,
 In vain he tries, and seeks in vain
 One cheerful moment to regain :

S T R O P H E III. Measures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief, 105
 His portion now ; ordain'd before
 To torments of a three-fold grief,
 'This fourth was added to compleat his store,
 Since, high presuming in his soul,
 He nectar and ambrosia stole, 110
 To give to men ; by which he knew
 That, tasting, he immortal grew :

But

But be not man deceiv'd : the gods reveal
 What most we labour to conceal :
 For this the powers, who deathless reign, 115
 To earth sent down his son again,
 To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,
 Whose sudden fate comes on apace.
 His flowery age in all its pride,
 When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade 120
 Of down was cast, a vow he made,
 Deep in his soul, to win the proffer'd bride

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,
 From her great fire the *Pisan* proud.
 Alone, by night, the lover came 125
 Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud
 On him who sways the triple spear,
 And fills with din the deafen'd ear ;
 When, at his feet, the god arose :
 Then *Pelops*, eager to disclose 130
 His mighty care, “ O *Neptune*, if thy mind
 “ In love did ever pleasure find,
 “ Let not *Oenomaüs* prevail,
 “ And let his brazen javelin fail :

- " Oh ! bear me hence, on-wheels of speed, 135
 " To *Elis*, to the glorious meed :
 " To victory Oh ! whirl me, strait :
 " Since, after ten, and other three,
 " Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,
 " From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait 140

E P O D E III. Measures 16.

- " Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
 " The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
 " Since we all are born to dy,
 " Who, overcast, would in oblivion ly,
 " In unreputed age decay, 145
 " And meanly squander life away,
 " Cut off from every praise ? Then let me dare
 " This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share ;
 " And prosper thou my glowing wheels.
 Thus *Pelops* spoke ; nor was his fervent pray'r 150
 Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air :
 The deity his whole ambition grants ;
 Nor shining car, nor coursers, now he wants :
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
 Exulting in the horses' feet, 155
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet :

STROPHE

STROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
 Thy prowess, and, to share his bed,
 Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred. 160

Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
 And pious rites, near *Alpheus'* flood
 Intomb'd, he sleeps, where the altar stands,
 That draws the vows of distant lands:
 And round his tomb the circling racers strive; 165
 And round the wheeling chariots drive.
 In thy fam'd courses, *Pelops*, rise
 The *Olympian* glories to the skies,
 And shine afar: there we behold
 The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold, 170
 In sore fatigues, and there the strife
 Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
 Who overcomes! for he shall see
 Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life,

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize. 175
 The good that, in a day obtain'd,
 From day to day fresh joy supplies,
 Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:

But let me now the rider raise,
 And crown him with *Æolian* lays, 180
 The victor's due : and I confide,
 Though every welcome guest were try'd,
 Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
 For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
 Nor yet a master more to twine, 185
 In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
 The guardian god, who watchful guides
 Thy fortunes, *Hiero*, presides
 O'er all thy cares with anxious pow'r :
 And soon, if he does not deny 190
 His needful aid, my hopes run high
 To sing more pleasing, in the joyful hour,

E P O D E IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear,
 And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
 Tracing paths of language fair, 195
 As I to *Cronion*'s funny mount repair.
 Even now the muse prepares to raise,
 Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
 For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
 Do others rise, conspicuous : only Kings, 200
 High

High mounting, on the summit fix:
There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try
Farther to stretch the prospect of thine eye:
Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time: 205
Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
In *Greece*, throughout the learned throng,
Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.





THE
SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

To THERON of AGRIGENTUM, victorious
in the Chariot-race.

THE ARGUMENT.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horses, likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors; whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. Measures 16.



OVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway

The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,

What man, shall we resound?

Is not *Pisa* *Jove's* delight?

And did not *Hercules*, with conquest crown'd,

5
To

To him ordain
 The *Olympiad* for an army slain,
 Thank-offering of the war?
 And must we not, in *Theron's* right,
 Exert our voice, and swell our song? 10
Theron, whose victorious car
 Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,
 To stranger-guests indulgent host,
 Of *Agrigentum* the support and boast,
 Cities born to rule and grace, 15
 Fair blossom of his antient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 16.

Worthies fore perplex'd in thought,
 Till wandering far they found, what long they fought,
 A sacred seat, fast by
 Where the stream does rapid run, 20
 And reign'd, of *Sicily* the guardian eye,
 When happy days,
 And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praise,
 That in-born worth inflames.
 Saturnian *Jove*, O! *Rhea's* Son, 25
 Who o'er *Olympus* dost preside,
 And the pitch of lofty games,

And *Alpheus*, of rivers the pride,
 Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
 Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow, 30
 Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
 The rich hereditary land

E P O D E I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can actions
 pass'd,
 Whether deeds of right or wrong,
 As things not done recall, 35
 Not even time, the father, who produces all;
 Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,
 Gathering strength
 Through the length
 Of prosperous times, forbid those deeds to last : 40
 Such force has sweetly-healing joy
 The festering smart of evils to destroy,

S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent
 Down by the will supreme with full content :
 Thy Daughters, *Cadmus*, they 45
 Greatly wretched here below,
 Bless'd ever more, this mighty truth display. No

No weight of grief,
 But, whelm'd in pleasures, finds relief,
 Sunk in the sweet abyfs. 50
 Thou, *Semele*, with hair a-flow,
 Thou by thunder doom'd to dy,
 Mingling with the gods in blifs,
 Art happy, for ever, on high :
 Thee *Pallas* does for ever love, 55
 Thee chiefly *Jupiter*, who rules above ;
 Thee thy fon holds ever dear,
 Thy fon with the ivy-wreathed spear.

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 16.

Beauteous *Ino*, we are told,
 With the sea-daughters dwells of *Nereus* old, 60
 And has, by lot, obtain'd
 Lasting life, beneath the deep,
 A life within no bounds of time restrain'd,
 The hour of death,
 The day when we resign our breath, 65
 That offspring of the sun,
 Which bids us from our labours sleep,
 In vain do mortals seek to know,
 Or who destin'd is to run

A life unintangled with woe ; 79
 For none are able to disclose
 The seasons of the uncertain ebbs and flows
 Now of pleasures, now of pains,
 Which hidden fate to men ordains :

E P O D E II. Measures 10.

Thus providence, that to thy ancestry, long-famed, 75
 Portions out a pleasing share
 Of heaven-sprung happiness,
 Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,
 Distribute some reverse of care,
 As from years 80
 Pass'd appears,
 Since the predestin'd son, at *Pytho* named,
 Did *Laius*, blindly meeting, kill,
 And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil :

S T R O P H E III. Measures 16.

Fell *Erinnys*, quick to view 85
 The deed, his warlike sons in battle slew,
 Each by the other's rage :
 But to *Polynices* slain
 Surviv'd *Thersander*, glory of his age,

For

For feats of war, 90
 And youthful contests, honour'd far,
 The Scion, kept alive
 To raise the *Adrastian* house again :
 From whence *Ænefidamus*' heir
 Does his spreading root derive, 95
 To branch out a progeny fair;
 Who, springing foremost in the chace
 Of fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
 Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
 Sweet union of melodious praise ; 100

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 16.

For not only has he borne
 The *Olympian* prize, but, with his brother, worn
 The garland of renown,
 At *Pytho* and at *Isthmus* ; where,
 Victorious both, they shar'd the allotted crown, 105
 Joint-honour, won
 In twelve impetuous courses, run
 With four unwearied steeds.
 To vanquish in the strife severe
 Does all anxiety destroy : 110
 And to this, if wealth succeeds
 With virtues enamell'd, the joy

Luxu-

Luxuriant grows; such affluence
 Does glorious opportunities dispense,
 Giving depth of thought to find
 Pursuits which please a noble mind,

115

E P O D E III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!
 The possessor of this store.
 Far-future things discerning, knows
 Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate Woes
 Consign'd, too late their pains deplore;
 For below
 'E're they go,
 Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
 On crimes in this wide realm of *Jove*;
 Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove:

121

125

S T R O P H E IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
 Alike by day, the sun's unclouded light
 Beholding, ever bless'd,
 Live an unlaborious life,
 Nor anxious interrupt their hallow'd rest

130

With

With spade and plow, *135*
 The earth to vex, or with the prow
 The briny sea, to eat
 The bread of care in endless strife. *135*
 The dread divinities among
 The few unaccustom'd to wrong,
 Who never broke the vow they swore,
 A tearless age enjoy for ever-more:
 While the wicked hence depart *140*
 To torments which appall the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare, *(135)*
 Thrice try'd in either state, to persevere
 From all injustice pure,
 Journeying onward in the way *145*
 Of *Jupiter*, in virtue still secure,
 Along his road
 Arrive at *Saturn's* rais'd abode;
 Where soft sea-breezes breathe
 Round the island of the blest'd; where gay *150*
 The trees with golden blossoms glow;
 Where, their brows and arms to wreath,
 Bright garlands on every side blow;

For,

For, springing thick in every field,
 The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield; 155
 And, in every limpid stream,
 The budding gold is seen to gleam :

E P O D E IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage ! by righteous *Rhadamanth*'s award ;
 Who, coëqual, takes his feat
 With *Saturn* fire divine, 160
 Thy comfort, *Rhea*, who above the rest dost shine,
 High-thron'd, thou matron-goddes great :
 These among
 (Blissful throng !)
 Does *Peleus* and does *Cadmus* find regard ; 165
 And, through his mother's winning prayer
 To *Jove*, *Achilles* dwells immortal there :

S T R O P H E V. Measures 16.

He who *Hector* did destroy,
 The pillar firm, the whole support, of *Troy*,
 And *Cycnus* gave to dy, 170
 And *Aurora*'s *Æthiop* son.
 My arm beneath yet many darts have I,

All swift of flight,
 Within my quiver, founding right
 To every skillful ear: 175

But, of the multitude, not one
 Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
 He transcendent does appear
 In knowledge, from nature who gain'd
 His store: but the dull-letter'd croud, 180

In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
 Clamour idly, wanting skill,
 Like crows, in vain, provoking still

ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of *Jove*:
 But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove, 185

My soul: and whom do I
 Single out with fond desire,

At him to let illustrious arrows fly?
 My fix'd intent,
 My aim, on *Agrigentum* bent, 190

A solemn oath I plight,
 Sincere as honest minds require,
 That through an hundred circling years,
 With recorded worthies bright,
 No rivalling city appears 195

To

To boast a man more frank to impart
 Kind offices to friends with open Heart,
 Or, with hand amidst his store,
 Delighting to distribute more

E P O D E V. Measures 10.

Than *Theron*: yet foul calumny, injurious blame, 200
 Did the men of rancour raise
 Against his fair renown,
 Defamers who by evil Actions strove to drown
 His good, and to conceal his praise.
 Can the sand, 205
 On the strand,
 Be number'd o'er? Then, true to *Theron's* fame,
 His favours showering down delight
 On thousands who is able to recite?





The First ODE of ANACREON.

On his LUTE.

THE line of *Atræus* will I sing;
 To *Cadmus* will I tune the string:
 But, as from string to string I move,
 My lute will only sound of *Love*.

The cords I change through every screw,
 And model the whole lute anew.
 Once more, in song, my voice I raise;
 And, *Hercules*, thy toils I praise:
 My lute does still my voice deny,
 And in the tones of love reply.

Ye heroes then, at once farewell:
 Loves only echo from my shell.

12



The



The SECOND ODE.

On WOMEN.



NATURE the Bull with horns supplies,
 The horse with hoofs she fortifies,
 The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
 On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
 Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
 And on their skill bids men rely.

4

Women alone defenceless live,
 To women what does nature give?
 Beauty she gives instead of darts,
 Beauty, instead of shields, imparts;
 Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose
 The fair, victorious where she goes.

8

12





The THIRD ODE.
On LOVE.

QUEN midnight when the bear did stand
A-level with *Boötes*' hand,
And, with their labour fore oppress'd,
The race of men were lay'd to rest,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came *Love*, and tried to force the bars.

Who thus assails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my slumbers? *Love* reply'd,
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child! ----- you need not fear:
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way.

Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I see,
A little child, he seem'd to me;
Who

142 *TRANSLATIONS.*

Who bore a quiver, and a bow ;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within the hearth I bid him stand,
Then chafe and cherish either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.

20

Now come, said he, no longer chill,
We'll bend this bow, and try our skill,
And prove the string, how far its pow'r
Remains unslacken'd by the show'r.

24

He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces, like a *Breez*, my liver :
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my host, he said:
My bow is found in every part,
And you shall rue it at your heart.

28

32





*An H Y M N to V E N U S, from
the Greek of S A P P H O.*

I.



*Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,* 4

*O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.*

II.

*If ever thou hast kindly hear'd
A song in soft distress prefer'd,* 8
*Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.*

*Descend thou bright, immortal, guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.* 12

III.

*Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:*

The

The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
 Hov'ring in air they lightly flew ; 16
 As to my bower they wing'd their way,
 I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
 Bore back their empty car again : 20
 Then you, with looks divinely mild,
 In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
 And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
 And why I call'd you to my aid ? 24

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
 And by what care to be asswag'd ?
 What gentle youth I would allure,
 Whom in my artful toils secure ? 28
 Who does thy tender heart subdue,
 Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me who ?

VI.

Tho now he shuns thy longing arms,
 He soon shall court thy slighted charms ; 32
 Tho now thy off'rings he despise,
 He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;

Tho

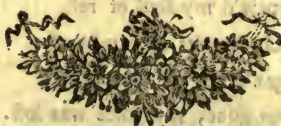
Tho now he freez, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

36

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

40



H

A



A

FRAGMENT *of* SAPPHO.

I.


 LESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

4

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

8

III.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

12

In

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

16

The E N D.





PR
3619
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1748

Philips, Ambrose
Pastorals

ILL
micro.
ESTC reel 2628
no. 3.
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